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Sad and Deplorable News

FROM

Fleet-Street,

OR, A

VVARNING

FOR

LOVERS,

That are either

INCONSTANT or too FOND;

BEING

A Full and True Relation of a Gentleman, that having been Seven years in Love with a Lady, and now fancying that she slighted him, and preferred others before him, flung himself desperately out of a Window Four pair of Stairs high, near *Fleet-Bridg*; on Friday the 12*th* of this instant *June*, 1674.

Where he was batter'd all to pieces with the violence of the Fall, and miserably dyed.

With Allowance.

LONDON, Printed by *D. M.* 1674.

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RECEIVED

Sad and deplorable NEWS FROM Fleetſtreet.

MAN is but a Lump of Clay Kneaded together with Tears, and would be the moſt dull and Phlegmatick thing imaginable, had not Nature, or rather the God of Nature, furniſht him with variety of paſſions; that as the change of Tides & ſeveral Winds preſerve the Sea from putrifying, ſo theſe by a continual Agitation ſhould keep him from drooping into a Lethargy of ſtupidity or idleneſs. To fancy to live wholly without Paſſions in this world, is a Romantick Dream of the Stoicks; but to endeavour to moderate and keep them in their right bounds, is the duty, and ſhould be the buſineſs, of each real and prudent Chriſtian.

Paſſions and Affections are neceſſary and uſeful Subjects, provided they make no Inſurrections, Mutinies or Rebellions to dethrone Reaſon, that juſt

Queen Regent and Soveraign Monarch of the Microcosme: Every man is such another Creature as the Poets Fancy wise *Chiron*, Tutor to the great Hero *Achilles*, to have been half a Man and half a Beast, only we should so far imitate that prudent Fiction, as to keep the manly part uppermost, and make the under-girdle Lusts, together with the irascible and concupiscible faculties, subservient to the dictates of the Rational part.

But amongst all the Passions, as there is none so pleasing and noble, so there is none so dangerous and violent as that of Love: It first surprizes us by stealing in at the eyes as gently as the Morning-dew into the Bosom of a Flower; but no sooner hath it got to the Heart, and taken possession of the Soul, but (like *Nero* after his peaceable *Quinquennium*) it turns absolute Tyrant on a sudden; ingrosses all our thoughts, puts the Brest upon the wrack, scorns the guidance of Reason, defies the advice of Friends, grows more violent by opposition, despises safety, braves dangers, embraces Ruine; and in a word, torments us with a thousand Inquietudes, which being more insufferable than death it self, hurries the afflicted Patient to Court that King of Terrors to put a period to his otherwise endless Misfortunes. Of the mischiefs arising from hence, all Histories are full, and every day surprizes with deplorable Tragedies; and we are sorry we have this unhappy occasion to encrease the number of those fatal Instances. The Story whereof is briefly thus:

A Gentleman (well descended, and of very good natural parts as well as acquired ones; of a sweet civil and obliging Temper; a kind of Disposition that more easily admits Loves Impressions, and continues them longer, and with a greater violence of Passion than any other) near seven years ago fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady, whose amiable Person and Qualities immediately kindled such Flames in his Breast, that it was impossible for him longer to maintain his Liberty against such irresistible Charms: Those that ever were wounded with *Cupids* Darts (and few can wholly escape them; Love being a kind of Small Pox, which every body hath had, or else must expect) may partly imagine the Tumults and Confusions this new Guest soon made in his discomposed mind. To describe the Agonies of this amorous Feaver, or his passionate Complaints, would perhaps relish too much of the Romance for a Pamphlet. or possibly raise too great a Tempest of Grief in some kind sympathizing Souls, that languish now under the like disasters. Let it suffice to say, That he was too wise to be ignorant that the Cure must be sought from whence he received the Wound; and therefore with a discreet Address endeavoured to unvail his Affection, and discover his passion to that Cruel Fair One which was the Cause of them.

'Tis an undoubted Truth, That we are generally too credulous and apt, out of a kind of self-flattery, to fancy that which we wish and hope for; Upon this score, perhaps, rather than any Encouragements given by her, he built some pretensions, which it may be

be ſhe never intended him; and in this kind of unſetled ſtate, their amorous Intrigue had now ſpun out a Thred of ſeven years length.

It muſt be confeſt that *Ovids* Receit, *Ut Amoris Arma*; *Love if then wouldſt thou be beloved*, is the beſt Philtre or Love-portion in the world; yet cannot it be denyed, That there may be ſome Caſes wherein even this Charm cannot take place, there may be pre-ingagements, a natural Averſion, or a thouſand other obſtacles that may hinder from correſponding with every perſons Addreſſes, though never ſo ſerious and affectionate. What the Cauſes in this particular Amour might be, we cannot certainly aſſign; His Perſon was proper, and one would think rather inviting than diſpleaſing; his Humour excellently good and obliging; his Eſtate not contemptible, and his Practize (which was towards the Law) conſiderable; yet all theſe attractions it ſeems would not conquer or at leaſt fix this Ladies heart, but that (eſpecially for a Twelve months ſpace laſt paſt) ſhe gave him ſome ſleighting Diſincouragements, which it ſeems he not being able to bear, has for a conſiderable time been liable to extravagant Melancholly Fits; and about two months ſince attempted to hang himſelf in the Balcony of the houſe where he lodged near *Fleet-bridge*, but was prevented by a Coachman that paſſing by eſpied him; ſince that he has ſeveral times bin with his Miſtreſs, and lately gave her and ſome friends a Treat at a Tavern, where She not appearing ſo kind and Complaiſant to him as he expected, He went home very diſcontented, and though he went in the day-

day-time about his buſineſs ſince; yet he ſtill ſeemed much troubled, and never appeared truly merry or ſatisfied.

Melancholly is, no doubt, the propereſt Soil for the Devil to ſow his Tares in, when Men abandon their Reaſon and forſake Gods Grace, that would reſtrain them being hurried away with deſperate paſſions, till all the Soul is in an uproar; then this watchful and ever buſie Enemy ſteps in, ſuggeſting black thoughts of Deſpair, and adviſes a Man to be his own Executioner, aggravating the Miſeries of our preſent Vexations, but concealing theſe endleſs Torments we run the hazard of, by ſuch a precipitate diſpatch, contrary no leſs to Nature than the Laws of God and Man.

Whether the Violence of his affectionate Paſſion had deprived him of the uſe of his Reaſon, ſo that he might be numbred amongſt the Phrenſical or Diſtracted, we cannot ſay, but this is too lamentably true, that on *Friday* the 12th of this inſtant *June*, 1674. He coming home to his Lodging, and being about ten a Clock at Night retired up to his Chamber, which was a fine large Room up four pair of Stairs, but forwards towards the Street, no body being with him, on a ſudden opening the Caſement, he violently caſt himſelf headlong into *Fleet-Street* about the middle of which he fell down, and broke his Head even to the Brain, beſides bruiſing moſt dreadfully all parts of his Body. This ſad unexpected Accident brought together ſeveral People (then abroad in the Street) about

bout him, by whom he was taken up dead, but being known and carried into his Lodging, and some means used, he came again to Life, but was never able to speak one word, and a little after midnight expired.

We shall not foreſtall the Readers thoughts ſo far as to make tedious reflections on this ſad & unhappy Accident, nor can we do it without difficulty or partiality; For what ſhall we blame the Coyneſs and Cruelty of Women, or the Folly and over-fondneſs of Men? If it be hard meaſure for a man to have his paſſionate Affection ſleighted; 'tis ſure no leſs unjuſt and unreaſonable to expect a Woman ſhould Love where ſhe does not like; It will be better to adviſe all by this woful Example to take heed not to engage their Affections too far on any (though the moſt pleaſing) Earthly Object, and to raiſe their Love to a higher and more noble flight, by placing it on that Divine, Infinite and Adorable Beauty, where it can admit of no Extream, and ſhall be ſure not to be fruſtrated of unſpeakable Returns of Favour and Goodneſs, whoſe Love infinitely ſurpaſſing the Love of Women, diſdain'd not to dye for us, even whilſt we were Enemies, and in whoſe glorious Arms, we may ſafely without jealouſies, diſtruſts or fears, without apprehenſion of change, or cloying ſatiety, Repoſe our ſelves in a ſweet Eternity of unutterable Felicity.

FINIS.

BRITISH Museum